

Number 7 Trending in the U.K

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by [A_C_0 \(orphan account\)](#)

Summary

George does a secondary gender reveal on stream! Needless to say, this may cause some issues.

Alt. Title, my apology fic for dropping out of Promptober. Sorry!

Notes

Hey guys! This is my gift to makeup for the fact I'm dropping promptober, turns out a doctorate program requires skill and attention? Apparently? So I can't dedicate myself, but I'll still update snipits!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Stupid Donos Man

George giggles, listening to the rapid clicking of Dream's broken spacebar as he picks a fight with Tommy. Again.

The atmosphere is relaxed, everyone fooling around on one of the peaceful days of the Dream SMP. Dream even reluctantly whitelisted Technoblade and Ph1lza, much to the delight of Tommy and Wilbur.

Glancing over his stream chat in his second monitor, temporarily tearing his gaze away from the game. Scanning the chat and listening to the absolute chaos of the voice call.

Finally, a ding of a large sum of subs filters across his stream lab tab. He hums, the call falling silent as he pulls up the message.

"Can we get a secondary gender reveal?" He reads out, laughing and resuming the game, helping Dream remodel the community house. "Sure, I'm an omega."

A bout of silence, besides the rapid twitch notifications. George glances around, moving his mouse as well. "What?"

"Oh nothing." Sapnap quickly covers. "I just assumed you were a beta."

George chuckles, already putting leaves in front of the windows as the chat absolutely explodes, the revelation something out of a fanfiction. His eyes flicker back to the monitor with Minecraft. "Well, won't be the first time you're wrong."

The Texan makes a wounded noise, the atmosphere quickly returning to normal as Tommy begins to rapidly type in chat, the hot headed beta ready to pick a fight with nearly everyone on the server. Except Tubbo. The kind hearted and naive omega was left alone, or a lot of people would go berserk.

The donation sound dings quickly, he looks at the new found spam in his sub donations.

"Hey gorgy I just wanted to tell you you are very very pretty."

"Gorgy are you looking for a Minecraft bf?"

"You're one of the cutest omegas I've ever seen."

George laughs, turning back to fix the new onnings over the door and windows, also placing some lanterns.

"Okay guys, we know he's really pretty." Dream pouts, the blonde alpha growing tired with the spamming of compliments. "At this point it's because he said he was an omega."

"You jealous Dream?" Techno deadpans, causing everyone to erupt into laughter. "You may not be the biggest George Not Found Simp anymore."

"Impossible!" Sapnap gasps, keyboard clicks audible through the call. "One does not simply replace Dream!"

A chime, notifying someone joining the call.

“That meme is dead Snap Map!” Tommy cackles, running away as Sapnap begins to chase after him.

“Come back here you little sh-“

“Sapnap!” Dream scolds. “You can’t cuss out minors.”

“I literally kill 12 year olds for a living.” Techno mumbles once again. “I should’ve stayed in college.”

“You were an English major dude, this was the safer bet.” Phil laughs, the redhead not on the SMP, but in the voice call.

Everyone breaks into laughter, yet the chats and donations kept rolling in, even on Wilbur and Tommy’s side, donations asking about George, his availability, and at one point, his address.

Growing more and more uncomfortable, George clears his throat, shifting in his seat. He was tempted to turn off his autoreader that was being spammed with compliments and questions. Turning back to his Minecraft monitor, he begins replacing the bricks with stone, and after around 15 minutes later, the outside of the community house is finally finished. He steps back onto the newly renovated path, surveying his handiwork.

“We did good.” Dream encourages, the smile audible in his voice. “This looks a lot better.”

George hums, smiling and opening his inventory. “I think we overestimated how much clay we needed.”

Looking at his hotbar, he laughed again, a good half of the slots filled with clay. Blinking, he watches as a blue flower pops into his inventory. His eyebrows crease, running his mouse over it.

‘For Gogy’

He smiles, itching his nose as his face becomes hoy. “Seriously?”

Dream laughs, quickly turning into a wheeze. George shakes his head, a wide smile across his face. Adjusting his hoodie, He takes the flower in his hand, laughing along with Dream as he looks at his chat. Constant Dreamnotfound quotes spam by, before his autoreader kicks in.

“I’d love to have those lips somewhere else if you know what I mean.”

George’s face burns, rapidly typing as his mods comb through the chat instantly bans the person who sent the vulgar chat. But the damage was done, George had never felt so embarrassed, chewing his lip as he shuts down the autoreader.

“Guys, seriously, not cool.” Dream scolds, the teamspeak going quiet. “I’m sad that people think that’s okay.”

“Seriously, that’s gross.” Wibur frowns, scrolling through his own stream. “I’m messaging my mods now, anyone who says anything like that, you’re banned.”

Noises of agreement go around as the chat remains awkwardly silent. George clears his throat, rapidly messaging his mods and reprogramming nightbot. Before a discord message dings.

A D.M from Dream.

‘Hey, you should end the stream. That’s not okay. I’ll talk too you later.’

George types out a quick thanks, and closes minecraft, switching back to Stream Labs. “Okay guys, that’s it for today, thank you for coming out.”

Watching the spam of goodbyes and apologies, he ends the stream and leaves the discord call, face still burning. Reclining in the chair, he runs his hands over his face.

And the pit of regret only grew when his phone dinged again. A text from Skeppy.

‘Dude, you’re trending on twitter.’

George swallows, carefully opening the app after being blasted with notifications.

‘OmegaGorgy!’

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Fuck.

Setting down his phone, he collapses on the bed, hone, he whimpers, once again burying his head in his hands. He felt sick, like he had to vomit. Which he honestly wanted to do.

Rubbing his eyes, he grasps his blanket, the soft, fuzzy texture keeping him grounded as he nuzzles into it.

The world knew he was an omega.

A soft knock on the door.

“George?” A soft, soothing voice calls. “I’m done streaming, do you want to talk?”

George simply whined, curled up more on their bed as his mate walked in, in all his alpha glory. The soft smell of forest flooded in and wrapped around him, soothing the hot red embarrassment that was still molten in his stomach.

“Oh, Georgie.” Dream coos, crawling into the bed to spoon him. “Everything will be okay.”

And there, with George laying with his amazing mate’s breath dancing over his mating mark, he knew everything would be.

Fluff and Reveal Prep

Chapter Summary

The last chapter! Sorry I took so long! I just finished moving from Houston to sunny sunny California! I feel like that's valid XD

Also everything is on fire appearantly.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George squirms, giggling as Dream places a playful peck on his mating mark, that he had hid for so long under a hoodie or even a higher collared shirt. But today was the day. Dream continued to nuzzle into his neck, blowing raspberries and tangling his legs with the Omega's.

"Dream! We're streaming soon!" George giggles, wiggling desperately to try and get away from his mate. "Dream! Stop!"

"Oh Georgie~" Dream chuckles, fingers now tickling the omega's sides. "Do you really want me to stop?"

"Yes!" George wheezes in between his laughter, sides and cheeks aching. "Get off! You're finally getting a reveal, you possessive piece of-DREAM!"

Dream had resumed his assault on George's sides, this time playfully nipping at his neck and jaw, his fingers pinching and poking up and down his sides. George's eyes are hazy, her stomach and sides cramping as he laughs as hard as he can, gasping for air whenever he gets minutely used to the sensation. But everytime he starts getting used to it, Dream changes his tactics. Finally able to reach up, George grabs Dream's pillow from the top of the bed.

Whack!

Dream stills immediately, and George catches his breath, holding the pillow on top of the blonde's head, catching his breath.

"I said to stop." George giggles, chest heaving as his breath finally evened out.

Dream looks up and blinks. They stare at each other for what seems like forever...

And Dream promptly drops himself on top of the much smaller omega.

George chokes as the alpha simply flops on him, the air getting pushed out of his lungs and his attempts to laugh at the same time not exactly smart.

"Dream, I'm serious!" He coughs out, looking at the blond. "We stream in five minutes! I even promised to do a facecam with the mating mark!"

Dream sighs, slowly peeling himself up. His yellow eyes glittering as he leans forward, bumping their noses together and pressing a kiss on the bridge of George's nose.

“Mine.”

“Yours.” George promises, kissing his Alpha’s jaw before he finally stands, winking and leaving the bedroom to go to the office.

After the door clicks shut, George exhales, looking in the camera view of himself as he heads over to the already prepped stream setup. Pulling out his phone and clicking on Twitter, he tweets the stream link and a smiley face. No other words are really needed, he thinks. Glancing at the view again, he adjusts the black V-neck that reveals the bite mark on his neck. Unable to help himself, he runs his fingers over the teeth divots and dips.

‘His Alpha.’ An instinct purrs, and a warmth blooms in his chest.

Clicking the start streaming button, he rubs his hands together as Dream joins the voice call.

“Oh Georgie~” Dream gasps, while George watches the chat whizz by. “What is that on your neck? A mating mark?”

“It is.” He smiles stupidly, his cheeks on fire as he loads up Minecraft.

“Ooo~ an Alpha?”

“Mhmm.”

“How is he?” Dream coos, before laughing, but the Omega can hear the underlying insecurities.

“He’s the best mate I could ever ask for.” George giggles, turning to his camera. “Welcome, everyone, to the stream!”

Chapter End Notes

Comment please I’m lonely.

End Notes

Comment! Please! I’m lonely! Kudos are also appreciated!

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